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If we read the Satire of all polished nations, whether ancient or modern, we cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance they present; by a slight change of the costume, what Horace, Juvenal or

Persons said of the Romans, may be applied to the French, English or Americans. Every century has its parallel characters. The nature of man not only continues the same, but he naturally capes into the same condition, his propensities are developed in similar modes. When Juvenal lashes the schools & Horace the politicks of the day, a present picture vividly presents itself before us.

It is at once one of the most curious, profitable and entertaining employments in the study of antiquity, to be your own constant scholiast, as you read the ancient satirists - to refer even to the curious minutiæ, all alike in their nature and varying in their appearance. There is no fashionable folly, which has not had some prototype in former days. Examples of this, we may hereafter adduce; at present we shall give place to the communication of a correspondent. He has sent us an im-

:itation of the first ~~satire~~ epistle. of Horace, of which we must presume to remark, that although Horace is followed closely throughout, and the versification is tolerably easy, yet it is neither translation, or close application to the style of the present day. The toga has lost its skirts but has not become a fashionable coat. The "aurea felicitas" has also, we fear, evaporated; but that is not our correspondents fault:---

TO MÆCENAS.

Imitated.

Sung in my earliest lay, my latest theme,
Why still my friend prolong the minstrels dream?
Set off by critics mangled, now at last
I wake to freedom, and my trance hath past:
The fire of youth, its inexperience fled,
From public gaze Horatio hides his head;
No more the pendants of the book delates all
Another work, his numerous tomes shall
swell;

Privilege and publishes he shuns, lest scorn
wait his last work and leave the wretch
forlorn;
Lest, at some auction, from his flashing eyes,
A sixpence bear away the begging prize.

A restless monitor my ear invades—
"In sheltering stable, harness tiring jades;
The crowd nor count their ribs, & still prolong
Hoarse laughter, as they ~~drag their loves along~~
crawl among the throng.
Yet; ere thine earthly taper dim burns out,
Attend at churches and become devout!"

For future sustenance, I next digest;
You ask, perchance, beneath what service rest;
A churchman or Sectarian? on no creed,
To crush or save it which has seen men bleed,
I pin my faith; by varying breezes driven,
And doctrines jarring, in the road to heaven.
Now yielding to Predestination's plan,
Faith vindicates the ways of God to man;
And now exulting as an agent free,
Unshackled all, 'tis works 'I cry 'save me!'

Imitation

Long seems his night, whom some perfidious fair
Hath left, to wait in vain his coming there;
The convict's day is dull, in dungeon barr'd;
Slow lags the last year of the tiring ward,
Till twenty-one from guardians snatch the rein
And wing his foaming coursers o'er the plain:
Ev'n so impatient I; still doom'd to see
What things are not, as I would have them be;
The good, the bad, the poor, the rich, beloved
Unequal destinies are doom'd to rend;
While I, unfit to read heav'n's dark behest,
Would snatch the sceptre, to make mortals blest.
While the opposing current mocks my will,
Then feed plain truths direct my erring quill.

'Twere vain to hope for Telescopic sight;
Shall blindness therefore shroud thine orbs in night?
With Crib them never couldst maintain a bout;
Wilt therefore yield, unaided, to the gout?
There is a pinnacle which we may climb
Tho' far above the mountain towers sublime.

Holds meanest avarice in thy breast her sway?
The Christian's rule shall charm that fiend away.
Does all attractive fame thy steps allure?
A humble heart works even its own cure.

See meek repentance open wide her arms
To all who shun the syren passions' charms.
On none, the eternal, branding, stamp is set,
And who dare say that culture comes too late?
A bleeding vice is virtue's sacrifice,
And folly put to flight draws wisdom from
the skies.
Ambition's slave! whose spirit, tempest-tost,
Whose brain, on fire at an election lost,
Shews, on a shallow shoal, a mighty wreck—
And then, poor wretch, whom fate hath led to
seek
In sultry realms and pestilential air,
The mind's dark slave, the unhallowed coin
of care,
While rising still on thy distempered mind
The fond fiend poverty pursues behind,
Will ye not learn to prize the long sought gem,
Sparkling in hope's fantastic diadem?
Could the poor brawler, who harangues the crowd
In words as senseless, as his tones are loud,
Call'd by a nation's voice, refuse to stand
Where senates meet, to rule a mighty land,
If he might grasp, unchecked by fear, the prize,
And wilt thou move, in higher deed, less wise?

Imitation –

Imperial gold exceeds all vilen ores;
Eternal virtue far above them soars.
Get money nowd; and virtue – as you may –
This rule the' Exchange will teach yu every day;
This young and old been characterd alang,
Who with their bank books hurry thro' the throng.

The child of genius, learning, polish high,
unspotted character – and poverty,
with them is naught; but the untutord soul
Betrays respect to that which wins the goal;
Ev'n schoolboys bow to valor, wit and worth,
and tutor the grey heads that gave them birth.

Like yu the standard fashion doat upon,
or that which waves oer freain by virtue won,
The flag, the eternal shrood of Washington!

Who teaches best? the servile slave of pelf,
whose God is Mammon and whose idol Self;
who heeds no barrier, as he scrapes the ore,
The magic altar Fashion bows before –
Or he who looks to Wisdom's changeless seat,
and eyes the tempest-rolling at his feet!

If man should ask, why, fed at human breast,
Formed, clad, in houses dwelling, like the rest,

My mind is clothed in garb as different far,
As if it wandered from some distant star,
Know, that I steer my bark from that fell wave,
Where whirl engulfs you, while its wrath ye
have,
As shunned the fox the lion's blood stained cave.

O hydra million! If I follow you,
What phantom shall my devious steps pursue?
Your Tax-collectors tax again the State;
On your Contractors golden dreams await,
While the poor soldier eats horn-beef and lime;
Your Parasites, who serve each changing time,
Can feed the nauseous lusts of ancient dame,
Or to a dotard's wealth put in their claim;
Your pious Brokers pray, keep fasts in Lent,
And wring from want extatic cent-per-cent;
All, All get Money; are they not content?

The Lords of Fashion, with each changing hour
Exert o'er abject-herds capricious power;
From Watering place their eager flight they wing
To some foul puddle, named a Mineral-spring.
The Husband flies his home, his babes, his wife,
In Porter houses games away his life;

Imitation.

The worn out rake and aged bachelor curse
Their lonely state; they swear there's nothing worse,
And sigh for monied dame or careful nurse.

What prism can their myriad rays arrest?
Detain one fleeting beam, its hues confest?
Well may you smile, to see your tailor ape
The gentry's manners, while he rules their shape—
Mechanics, butchers, barbers all emulate,
Burlesque the style and modes of the polite—
Well may you laugh; but cries not common sense,
Nor smile, the sneer on at your own expense?

If I should meet you with a half shav'd chin
Trait on your lips I mark the ready grin;
If coat of newest cut my back adorn
While breeches wanton with no breeches torn,
This is a thing to laugh at.
But the soul
May lost and darkling roam from pole to pole—
Tir'd denizen of Time, on restless wing,
While wealth high fild can only torture bring;
The common race to one dark goal she runs,
In earths wide Bedlam cast like all her sons!

Guardian from Land, nor drugs from medicine needs,
Where all are mad, not one his fellow heeds.

But to wind up my long and weary rhyme,
The wise man towrs above his race, sublime;
Looks down with proud contempt; their sphere above,
On all that avrice hoards or women love;
The unspotted mind no sickness can quell
Unless a toothache - O that pang! Farewell!

Imitations -

Line of Horace -	of Imitation.
4 - Veianius.	11 - auction.
13. duce, care -	21. churchman, sectarian -
16. 18. Stristippus, Virtutis custos	25 Predestination &c
21 Opus detentibus	31. Convict.
28. Lyncens.	43. Telescopic.
30. Glycon.	45. Crib.
32. Prodire	47 drink.
34. Verba et voces	50. golden rule.
36. fiscella	52. humility.
40. cultura	53. repentance.
41. 42 Virtutes	57. sacrifice.

Imitation.

49 Jugnap ——— 69 brawler.
60. Olympia ——— 72 penalty
54. Janus ——— 78. Exchange
56. Oculos ——— 80 Bank books.
59. pueri ludendi ——— 85 School boys
64 Curriculo ——— 89. Washington.
67. Pessimo ——— 93. We hear nothing exactly applicable in this country. In England, a private box would apply.

77. eruducere publica ——— 105 Tax collectors. Contractors
80 occulto fauore ——— 111. Piers Brokers.
83. Baiis. 86 Tæanum ——— 116. 117. watering place, mineral spring.
87. 88. 89. ——— 118. Paraphrased
90 Proteus ——— 123. Prism
91 Jasper ——— 125. Tailor
95 Iuita ——— 134. Tom breeches.
108. pituita ——— 148. Tooth ache.